

## Characters

- Cody
- Beaujo
- Santee
- Fingers
- The Doctor
- The Waiter
- Jasper
- Jason

## Act 1: The Slump

### ACT 1: THE SLUMP

SCENE: *An old sleazy hotel room. Semirealistic with a beat-up brass bed, cracked mirror, broken-down chairs, small desk, etc. It's the dead of winter. A small paraffin heater provides the only heat. CODY lies spreadeagled on his back on the bed with his arms and legs handcuffed to each bedpost. He's asleep with dark glasses on. He wears jeans and a cowboy shirt. SANTEE sits in a chair stage right of the bed reading the Racing Form. He wears a long dark overcoat, shiny black shoes and a gangster-type hat. In his lap is a Colt .45 BEAUJO is practicing his pool shots with a cue and three balls on the floor. He wears a forties-type pinstriped suit with white shoes. His clothes are very wrinkled like he's been sleeping in them for a month. The stage should be dark or hidden before the opening. In the darkness the sound of horses galloping at a distance is heard. A slowmotion color film clip of a horse race is projected just above CODY'S head on the rear wall. No screen. The film begins out of focus and slowly is pulled into a sharp picture as the sound of galloping horses grows louder. The film clip lasts for a short while with the sound then CODY wakes up with a yell. The film goes off and the lights onstage bang up. SANTEE and BEAUJO continue their routines.*

CODY

Silky Sullivan in the seventh! By a neck. By a short head. Silky Sullivan in the seventh!

BEAUJO

He's got one, Santee.

SANTEE

( *without moving from behind his paper* )

He's lost it. I told ya' he's lost it.

BEAUJO

Sounds very certain to me.

SANTEE

Silky Sullivan was a fly-by-night C`V` Whitney nag outa' Santa Anita. Won a couple a' stakes back in sixty-two. Retired to stud shortly thereafter. Known chiefly for his dramatic closing rushes.

BEAUJO

I'll be darned. He's sure slippin' bad ain't he.

SANTEE

Slippin' ain't the word for it. He's almost disappeared.

CODY

( *waking up* )

I need a better situation. It's too jagged in here. This wallpaper, the smell. You gotta take these things into consideration.

BEAUJO

Maybe he's right, Santee.

SANTEE

Sure he's right. I'd be the first to agree that he's right. But it's his own damn fault. We was set up pretty in California weren't we. The Beverly Wilshire. Room service. The whole fandango.

BEAUJO

Yeah. Couldn't even hear yerself walk down the halls.

SANTEE

So what're we doin' here then?

BEAUJO

Fingers.

SANTEE

Naw, you numbskull. It ain't Fingers. That's a byproduct of the situation. The reason we is here is on account of Mr` Artistic Cowboy here. Backslidin' on his system. That's the reason. If he was still dreamin' the winners we'd still be in California. In the money. Now ain't that right.

BEAUJO

I suppose so.

SANTEE

No supposin' about it. It's him that put us on the skids.

CODY

Could I have a cigarette?

SANTEE

We're runnin' low, pal.

CODY

Just a puff then.

SANTEE

All right, give him a smoke.

BEAUJO

Could I have the keys.

*(SANTEE reaches in his pocket and pulls out a ring of keys. He tosses them to BEAUJO.)*

SANTEE

Just the right arm.

*(BEAUJO unlocks the handcuffs on CODY'S right arm and gives him a cigarette then lights it. CODY smokes.)*

SANTEE

You gotta remember that I ain't the source a' this caper, Beaujo. I been askin' Fingers for a new dreamer for months now. It ain't my idea of a good time beatin' a dead horse ya' know.

BEAUJO

What's Fingers' angle keepin' Cody on then?

CODY

'Cause I'm the best. He knows that. I'm the best.

SANTEE

*( to CODY)*

Aw shaddup!

*( to BEAUJO)*

You know a big time

gamblin' man can't forget his early wins. All those memories when it was pourin' in like a flood. A quarter of

a million bucks in a day. That ain't shootin' chicken ya' know.

BEAUJO

Yeah, but he must have other dreamers workin' for him. He's gotta pay the rent.

SANTEE

Sure he does but they're all mediocre. No class. I'll have to hand it to Mr' Artistic here, once upon a time he had some class.

CODY

I could regain my form if I got some decent treatment.

SANTEE

You had your shot at the red carpet routine and you blew it.

CODY

Nothin' fancy. Just some free movement during the day. A chance to get my blood moving again.

SANTEE

A chance to escape you mean.

CODY

I been with it too long, Santee. I couldn't run out on ya' now. I'd be lost. It's been years. I been blindfolded and shuffled from one hotel to another for as long as I can remember. I ain't seen Great Nature for years now. The sun would probably blind me. Where would I go if I did escape?

SANTEE

Wherever you was headed last time you cut loose.

CODY

I don't remember that. I musta' been off my cake. I'd never try it again. I promise.

SANTEE

No dice, Beethoven.

BEAUJO

Wouldn't hurt to just let him walk around the room here, Santee. Just to get his circulation going.

SANTEE

Well if it ain't the soft-hearted gangster type. Go ahead then! Turn him loose. I'm gettin' sick of his corny mug and his crucified position. Go ahead! Just remember if he gets loose it's your ass, not mine.

BEAUJO

( as he unlocks CODY)

Sure, sure. The last time Fingers bothered with us was last Christmas when he gave us each an Indian-head nickel. We could be mistaken about this whole deal ya' know, Santee. I mean what if Fingers has just cut out on us. Left us here like a bunch a' saps.

SANTEE

He wouldn't do that.

BEAUJO

What's to stop him. He ain't exactly a man of high morals or nothin'.

SANTEE

Don't start bad-mouthin' Fingers now. Just 'cause things get tough is no reason to commit mutiny. Fingers's been good to us right along.

BEAUJO

Yeah, well I wouldn't exactly describe our present situation as the berries.

SANTEE

You got no faith. No gamblin' heart.

BEAUJO

I figure it's more like a game a' pool. You know, the way sometimes you got the feel you got the touch. All the practice and technique in the world can't beat ya' 'cause you got magic. There's no trace a' tension. Then it goes. Just like that. No way to pin it down. It just slides away from ya'. I figure that's how it is with Cody here.

SANTEE

Maybe.

CODY

Yeah. That's how it is all right. The dreams are jagged. I get a fuzzy picture. Sometimes the numbers blur.

SANTEE

( to CODY)

You'd agree with anything to get yerself off the hook. Come on, take a walk, Mr' Artist. It may be yer last for a while.

*(CODY begins to get up from the bed. He struggles to gain muscular control, moving his limbs very slowly and trying to figure out how they work. BEAUJO backs away and lights a cigarette. SANTEE waves the pistol at CODY.)*

SANTEE

Just remember the old iron here. She gets very ticklish in a nervous situation.

BEAUJO

What if we was to make a real effort to treat him decent for a change. You know, steak and eggs in the morning, maybe a walk down the hallway, maybe even bring in a little chippie to warm his heart.

SANTEE

None a' that stuff. First thing you know he'll be crying about his record again. That's what got him started in his present slump if you'll recall.

CODY

My record? You still got my record don't ya', Santee?

SANTEE

What'd I tell ya'? Yeah, yeah. I still got yer record.

CODY

Just don't bust it or nothin'. You wouldn't bust it wouldya'?

SANTEE

I'll bust yer damn neck if ya' don't start walkin' around this room pretty soon. come on, start hoofin'.

CODY

I gotta take it slow. Everything's like mush. It feels like Jell-O in my veins.

SANTEE

Yeah, yeah. The Champeen Complainer.

*(CODY finally gets to his feet and moves very slowly around the room trying to adjust to walking. Every once in a while he loses his balance and BEAUJO helps him stay upright.)*

BEAUJO

I know you got somethin' against art, Santee, but maybe he's right ya' know. I mean maybe his dreamin' does take on a

kind of an art form, the way he does it. It might need some special stuff to get him back in top form.

SANTEE

Like what special stuff?

CODY

Like a decent bed for one thing.

BEAUJO

Yeah. I mean that's important. A thing like that. After all, the bed is where he does his work. This thing's like sleepin' on a week-old griddle cake.

( *Kicking the bed* )

SANTEE

We can't afford it. It's not within the budget.

CODY

Some fresh air.

BEAUJO

Now you can't begrudge a man a little fresh air once in a while.

SANTEE

We might arrange some fresh air. Maybe. He's gotta be blindfolded though. He can't know where he is. That's the chief thing that Fingers impressed upon us. He can't for a second know where he is outside the room he's locked up in. Otherwise it spoils the dreaming. He can't know the time either.

CODY

We've come a long way from the Beverly Wilshire haven't we?

SANTEE

A long way down.

CODY

No, I mean we're on a whole different continent here aren't we? I can feel it.

SANTEE

How can you feel it, Mr` Sensitive?

CODY

We took a ship.

SANTEE

Don't start guessing. There's no way you can find out.

CODY

You've blocked up all the windows again.

SANTEE

That ain't so unusual. That's standard procedure.

CODY

They speak English here though. They speak English don't they?

SANTEE

No guessing goddammit! Or it's back in the sack and no dinner!

BEAUJO

Take it easy, Cody. No need to get Santee worked up.

SANTEE

Just keep walkin', meatball.

CODY

It's all right. Fingers' theory was good for the beginning but now it sucks dogs.

SANTEE

How's that?

CODY

He don't understand the area I have to dream in.

BEAUJO

There's nothing we can do about that now.

CODY

Not this area. The inside one. The space inside where the dream comes. It's gotta be created. That's what Fingers don't understand. He thinks it's just like it was when I started.

SANTEE

So what's so different now.

CODY

He's blocked up my senses. Everything forces itself on the space I need. There's too much chaos now. He'll never get a winner out of me till the space comes back.

SANTEE

What a crock a' shit. I never heard so much gobbledygook in my whole life.



CODY

What do you dream about, Santee?

SANTEE

I don't dream. I'm one a' those rare dreamless sleepers. I got no worries, no troubles to work out. Everything's hunky-dory.

CODY

I dream about the Great Plains.

SANTEE

Well that's yer whole damn trouble! That ain't what yer gettin' paid for. Yer paid to dream about racehorses. That's all.

BEAUJO

Yeah, Cody. Shit man, you gotta get down to business. We're goin' down the tubes in this dump while you dream about the Great Plains.

CODY

It'll get worse.

SANTEE

What! It can't get worse! Put him back in the cuffs! Go on! Back in the sack! I ain't gonna tolerate that kinda' stuff!

BEAUJO

Now take it easy, Santee.

SANTEE

Back in the sack! I ain't takin' no more crap from this hick! I can't stand the sight of him. Back in the sack!

*(BEAUJO leads CODY back to the bed and helps him back into the position he was in before. Then he puts the handcuffs back on him and locks them all. CODY doesn't resist.)*

SANTEE

*( pacing around the room with his gun)*

I'm goin' straight to the top. No more fartin' around. Tomorrow morning I'm gonna' call Fingers and get the lowdown. This whole situation stinks. It's driving me crazy. It's useless keepin' this creep here. He ain't gonna' come up with a horse. He ain't come up with a horse for over six months. One bum dream after another. He's lucky if he even dreams a horse in this century let alone a winner tomorrow. I can't stand it. I'm goin' down there now and call him. Right now. You got some change Beaujo? Gimme some change.

BEAUJO

All right, all right. Take it easy though, Santee. You don't want him comin' down on us too hard. You might catch him in a bad mood.

(BEAUJO *hands SANTEE some change for the phone.*)

SANTEE

I don't care how I catch him. We just gotta get outa' this slump somehow. I'm just goin' down the block to a phone booth. Don't let this jerk loose for a second.

BEAUJO

You got the keys.

SANTEE

( *remembering he's in a position of power* )

Yeah. Right. I got the keys and don't you forget it. I got the keys.

(SANTEE *exits.* BEAUJO *speaks to CODY.*)

BEAUJO

What the hell are you tryin' to pull? You know better than to get Santee pissed off like that. We're all in this together ya' know.

CODY

Yeah. Sorry.

BEAUJO

I mean it's mostly up to you ya' know. I mean the dreaming end of it. You're actually the big shot in the situation. You can call all the shots. All you gotta do is dream right.

CODY

It ain't so easy, Beaujo. I'm dried up. I need a break.

BEAUJO

Yeah, I can see that and I'm doin' everything I can to make that happen. But in the meantime you gotta play it cool. When Santee's nerves are on edge you gotta go slow.

CODY

If I could just talk to Fingers myself maybe I could convince him. I can't talk to Santee. He hates my guts. He don't understand my position. It's very delicate work, dreaming a winner. You can't just close your eyes and bingo! it's there in front of you. It takes certain special conditions. A certain internal environment.

BEAUJO

Well how did it happen before? It used to be a snap for you.

CODY

I don't know. It was accidental. It just sort of came to me outa' the blue. You know how that is. At first it's all instinct. Now it's work.

BEAUJO

Yeah, but you can't explain that kinda' stuff to mugs like Santee and Fingers. They don't buy it. All they understand is results. The process don't interest them.

*(BEAUJO lights a cigarette and walks around.)*

CODY

If I could just listen to my record again. That's all. Just a couple of tracks off my record.

BEAUJO

No show. It drives Santee crazy. Beside, like he says, that's part of what got you goin' downhill.

CODY

He's nuts. In the beginning I came up with six fifteen-to-one shots in a row. Six of 'em. And all of 'em came from the music. It's a source of inspiration, Beaujo.

BEAUJO

It's just impossible right now. We gotta go slow. Maybe later we can sneak the music back into it.

CODY

Then tell me where we are at least. What country is this?

BEAUJO

Can't do it, Cody. It's strictly against the rules.

CODY

It's stupid! It's really stupid! I'm dreaming American horses and we're probably in Morocco somewhere. It don't make sense. I gotta know where we are so's I can adjust. I've lost track of everything. I need some landmarks.

BEAUJO

Fingers says the dreams are a gift from God. It don't matter what country you dream in.

CODY

Fuck Fingers! I'm the dreamer. I oughta' know.

BEAUJO

I could describe the general area to you maybe. The neighborhood around the hotel.

CODY

That'd help. Anything would help.

BEAUJO

It's a city. We're in a certain area of a city. The workers wear handkerchiefs around their heads. Their main concern is getting laid. They use rough language and swagger their manhood around.

CODY

That could be anywhere.

BEAUJO

It's a gambling town. Racing all year round. It's the poor people who lose. Dozens of big bookmakers for every block. A few shysters work a system. All of 'em work with high stakes. The government has hooks directly into the bookmakers. There's protection on every level except for the bums. The police are paid off by high syndicates. For the rich it's a sport. For the poor it's a disease.

CODY

That doesn't help. It don't put me in touch with anything. I need firm ground to stand on.

BEAUJO

That's all I can give you.

CODY

What kind of cars do they drive?

BEAUJO

No more. I overstepped my bounds already.

CODY

What do the cops look like?

BEAUJO

That's it, Cody. No more.

CODY

If I could just take a walk. You think you can talk Santee into letting me have a short walk?

BEAUJO

We'll see.

CODY

Oh man, I wish I was dead.

BEAUJO

It'll pass.

CODY

I got a feeling I'll never see daylight again.

BEAUJO

Now come on. Don't go gettin' morbid about it. This is just a slump we're in. Fingers'll pull us out of it.

CODY

Fingers is in the same boat as us. We're like his mirror. We never see him but we're always in touch. When he's winning we're in the Beverly Wilshire. When he's losing we're in a dump like this.

BEAUJO

He's got other dreamers. As soon as things pick up he'll move us.

CODY

Why is he keepin' me on! I wanna go back to Wyoming and raise sheep. That's all I wanna do. I got no more tips. I'm from the Great Plains not the city. He's poisoned my dreams with these cities.

BEAUJO

You want a sleeper?

CODY

Yeah. Gimme four of 'em. The blue ones.

BEAUJO

Oh no. Last time you had four you didn't come around for three days. We thought we lost ya'.

CODY

Gimme three then.

BEAUJO

Two's enough. Put you in a nice light sleep. Who knows, you might even dream a winner.

CODY

Just gimme the pills!

(BEAUJO *hands* CODY *two sleeping pills and a glass of water. CODY gobbles them down.*)

BEAUJO

You know your problem Cody? You don't accept the situation. There's no way out. Even if you could escape you're too weak to get very far. Even if you got very far we'd know where to find you. You gotta give in to it, boy.

CODY

Yeah. Maybe you're right.

BEAUJO

You gotta use some smarts. If you just relaxed into it and accepted it then everything would come to you. We might even let you have a little more freedom. No blindfolds. Walks in the park. All that stuff would come to you.

CODY

Yeah. I keep thinking this is temporary. How long's it been going on anyway?

BEAUJO

No time hints. Just forget about the other possibilities. This is all you got.

CODY

I can't remember how it started.

BEAUJO

You had a dream.

CODY

Yeah. I had that big dream.

BEAUJO

Then you got publicized.

CODY

Yeah. *Life* magazine. Then my folks started cashin' in. My brothers.

BEAUJO

Then half the state of Wyoming. You were the hottest thing in the West. Then we nabbed you.

CODY

I was kidnapped.

BEAUJO

Well, not exactly.

CODY

I was wined and dined. Where was that?

*( Through this CODY is getting drowsy until he finally falls asleep.)*

BEAUJO

Hollywood Park. Aqueduct. Yonkers.

CODY

What happened?

BEAUJO

We had to keep you secret. Too many scabbies cashin' in.

CODY

I used to wake up and not know where I was. As long as I can remember.

BEAUJO

It'll be all right now. It'll all come back to you

*( melodramatically)*

You'll find that special area. A huge blue space. In the distance you'll see 'em approaching the quarter-mile pole. The thunder of hooves. Whips flying. The clubhouse turn. You'll get a sense of it again. It'll all come back just like it used to. You'll see. You got magic Cody. You'll see.

*(CODY falls into a deep sleep. BEAUJO gets up and walks around. He comes to a stop and looks around the room.)*

BEAUJO

*( to himself)*

Huh, for a second there I thought I was lost.

*(SANTEE enters and shuts the door behind him. He goes to the heater shivering from the cold and rubbing his arms.)*

BEAUJO

Did ya' talk to Fingers?

SANTEE

More or less.

BEAUJO

What do ya' mean? What'd he say?

SANTEE

He wasn't there. I had to talk to Zonka.

BEAUJO

Zonka? What's he know?

SANTEE

He gave me a message direct from Fingers.

BEAUJO

What's the scoop?

SANTEE

Dogs.

BEAUJO

Dogs?

SANTEE

Dogs. Greyhounds.

BEAUJO

Greyhounds?!

SANTEE

We been relegated to the dog tracks. It's the most humiliatin' experience of my whole career. All on account a' that meathead!

BEAUJO

There must be some mistake.

SANTEE

Ain't no mistake. It come from the top. He's gotta start dreamin' dogs. That's all there is to it.

BEAUJO



But he don't know a greyhound from a crocodile. This kid's strictly a horse man.

SANTEE

I know, I know. It ain't my idea.

BEAUJO

He can't suddenly change his whole style a' dreaming like that. It might kill him.

SANTEE

Well he's gonna' have to or our ass is grass! Wake him up.

BEAUJO

I just gave him two sleepers.

SANTEE

Wake him up! Here, take the keys and unlock him.

*(BEAUJO takes the keys and unlocks CODY. CODY stays asleep.)*

BEAUJO

Jesus Christ, Santee, we're gonna kill him with this kind of treatment. I'm tellin' ya'.

SANTEE

I could care less. As far as I can tell it's him that got us into this mess and it's him that'll get us out. All my life I been proud a' my position. I've carried a certain sense of honor with me but I'll be damned if I'm gonna carry it to the goddamn dog track.

BEAUJO

He's out cold Santee.

SANTEE

Wake him up! I don't care how ya' do it. I want him on his feet. I'm gonna' drill him with dogs till he hears 'em barkin' in his ears.

*(BEAUJO slaps CODY'S face and tries to bring him around.)*

BEAUJO

It's no good, Santee. He's out like a light.

SANTEE

Great! That's just great. Now we're sunk. We're really sunk.

*(BEAUJO leaves CODY sleeping on the bed. His arms and legs are free.)*

BEAUJO

It might mean we're being let off the hook, Santee. Eased-in grade.

SANTEE

Can't you understand that this is serious business. What's a' matter with you. Zonka told me if there's no results within the week that Fingers is sendin' the Doctor over here.

BEAUJO

The Doctor?

SANTEE

Yeah. You know what that means.

BEAUJO

He can't do that.

SANTEE

Yeah, well that's what's gonna' happen if Cowboy don't pop up with some winners and fast.

BEAUJO

The Doctor? Fingers must be crazy. He was goin' to the pay window every day for a month and now he can turn on us like this?

SANTEE

That's the way it falls, Beaujo.

*(CODY lets out a loud voice then goes right back into sleep.)*

CODY

Native Dancer in the eighth!

SANTEE

He's gettin' more and more pathetic. Native Dancer musta' died in the fifties.

BEAUJO

I got faith in him, Santee.

SANTEE

Faith! What good is that gonna' do us? We need results! Right now. There's only one thing we can do.

(SANTEE goes to the Racing Form and leafs through it.)

SANTEE

We gotta take the gamble. We gotta try to pick some dogs ourselves and pass 'em off as his dreams. That's the only thing.

BEAUJO

But we don't even know how to read the form for greyhounds. You don't know the first thing about it.

SANTEE

We can learn. Look, it says here: "Black Banjo, the young Walthamstow hopeful, has been unlucky in his last six outings. With the advantage of trap one and a slow starter to his right, Black Banjo could get to the first bend and go clear."

CODY

Man o' War by a neck!

SANTEE

Can you do something about him?

BEAUJO

He'll come around in a while.

SANTEE

Look, write these down. Get a piece a' paper and write.

BEAUJO

I don't know Santee. We're takin' quite a risk.

(BEAUJO goes to a small desk and gets a pad and pencil. He writes down what SANTEE says.)

SANTEE

It's worth a try. We might even pick us some winners. Put down: "Harringay. 7.45, Sgt. Mick. 8.00, Go Astray. 8.15, Zeitung. 8.30, Lemon Castle. 8.45, Come Dark Night. 9.00 —"

CODY

( speaking in an even, cool voice)

Black Banjo will win the seventh race at Wimbledon by two and a half lengths on the trot.

SANTEE

Can you shut him up. I can't concentrate.

BEAUJO

Wait a minute! Did you hear what he said. Black Banjo! That's a dog. A greyhound!

SANTEE

I know. I just read it in the paper.

BEAUJO

He just picked him to win at Wimbledon.

SANTEE

So what. The power of suggestion. He musta' heard me read it.

CODY

Black Banjo, a young son of the great Irish stud dog Monalee Champion, has all the looks and speed of a top-class dog. His early speed and clever tracking has told the tale on more than one occasion. Although unlucky in most of his recent deciders he will definitely win by two and a half lengths tonight at Wimbledon.

BEAUJO

Listen to that! Where'd he get information like that? Look it up. See if that's his breeding.

SANTEE

What'd he say?

BEAUJO

Monalee Champion. Look it up.

SANTEE

( *looking in the paper* )

Monalee Champion. Let's see. Yeah. What do ya' know. Monalee Champion. How'd he know that?

BEAUJO

He's back on, Santee! He's back on the winners! We're gonna' be in the money again!

SANTEE

You think so? I'd hate to risk it.

BEAUJO

I know it. I can feel it. He's havin' a breakthrough.

CODY

Black Banjo will break in front with Shara Dee close up at the first bend. There'll be some bad crowding going around and Stow Welcome will be thrown to the outside. From there to the wire Black Banjo will have it all his own way. Shara Dee will be closing in the final stages but will not come to terms with the winner. She will be second with another length back to Seaman's Pride.

SANTEE

Go call Fingers. If Zonka answers pass on the message. Black Banjo to win, Shara Dee to place. Forecast, one and three. Tell him it's a certainty.

BEAUJO

Right.

SANTEE

And grab me a fifth of Scotch on the way back. I'm gonna' need it if we lose.

BEAUJO

This is it, Santee. I feel it in my bones. The slump is over. Tomorrow we'll be sittin' pretty!

SANTEE

It ain't happened yet.

*(BEAUJO exits. SANTEE talks quietly to CODY, who remains asleep.)*

SANTEE

Okay Mr' Artistic. Maybe I was wrong. Maybe I was pushin' it too hard. This better be it boy or we're all gonna be cut up in little pieces and mailed to our mommas. I know you ain't used to workin' under pressure but that's how it is. It's like a snake bitin' its own tail. We keep infecting each other. The Doctor's on our back. The pressure's there. It comes from the outside. Somewhere out there. We wind up with the effects. I don't understand how you work, Beethoven, that's how come I got no patience. To me it's a lot a' mumbo jumbo. Like I said, I don't even have no dreams. All I know is that you was right once. For a solid month you was right. You was so right that you had somebody out there eatin' turtle soup and filet mignon three times a day. Being chauffeur-driven to the grocery store. That's how it is. You got the genius, somebody else got the power. That's how it always is, Beethoven. The most we can hope for is a little room service and a color T'V.

*(CODY sits up. He talks with another voice; slightly Irish, as though he's been inhabited by a spirit.)*

CODY

The main mistake is watching the race in an emotional way. As though the dog you've gambled on is a piece of yourself. That way you only see one-sixth of the race and miss the other five dogs. You might go a dozen races gambling on dogs you've seen before but never watched.

SANTEE

Say, what is this? Are you awake now or what?

*(CODY gets up off the bed and moves easily around the room.)*

CODY

You gotta take mental photographs of each dog. You gotta draw back from the race, take an indifferent attitude. Memorize forty-eight dogs a night. Don't gamble for a week of racing. Just take photographs.

SANTEE

Don't try nothin' funny! I still got the rod.

CODY

Once you've built up an interior form you attack in a calculated way. Never let the odds influence you. Go about it cold-blooded. Make definite decisions and stick to them. Forget the Quinellas and Duellas. They're for suckers. Stick with £5 reverse forecasts, tenners each way on the selection.

SANTEE

What's got into you. Get back over here on the bed!

CODY

Keep a record of the seasonal dates of bitches. One week before they're due in season back 'em to the hilt. Don't be fooled by fast-improving pups but don't be afraid to have a gamble in the middle of their form. Forget Yellow Printer sons in the Derby. They're jinxed. Too difficult to tune them up. Look at Super Rory. Donemark Printer. Tremendous class but see how fast they blew up.

SANTEE

Shaddup!

*(CODY snaps out of it back into his old self. He's barely able to stand up. A short silence then BEAUJO bursts in the door.)*

BEAUJO

Fingers is comin'!

SANTEE

What! Now?

CODY

Lemme talk to him.

BEAUJO

After the race. He's comin' right after the race.

SANTEE

( *threatening* CODY)

You better be right, Schmoe.

CODY

I gotta talk to him.

BEAUJO

He's bringin' the Doctor if he loses.

SANTEE

Where's my Scotch?

(*CODY collapses on the floor. BEAUJO hands SANTEE a fifth of Scotch.*

*SANTEE breaks it open and takes a long swig. They both stare at CODY on the floor as the lights dim and the sound of an ANNOUNCER'S VOICE is heard over the speakers.)*

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

The hare is running at Wimbledon. Black Banjo breaks clear of Shara Dee in trap three followed closely by Stow Welcome and Seaman's Pride. As they go into the first turn it's Black Banjo by a length and a half. There's some bad crowding. Stow Welcome is knocked out of it. Down the back straight it's Black Banjo going four lengths clear from Shara Dee, followed by Seaman's Pride. It's Black Banjo into the third bend still well clear of Shara Dee who is making up ground on the outside. Coming for home it's Black Banjo with Shara Dee closing very fast. It's Shara Dee and Black Banjo!

( *The swelling sound of a huge crowd drowns out the ANNOUNCER'S VOICE as the lights go to black.*)

## **Act 2: The Hump**

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*SCENE: A fancy hotel room with the furniture in the same position as in Act One. A color T`V` with a flickering image, the sound off. A record player on top of a chest of drawers. The characters all have new clothes but all in the same styles as Act One. CODY still wears his shades and speaks with a slight Irish accent. He stands center stage holding a fishing pole at arm's length with a white rabbit skin tied to the end of the line so it just touches the floor. He turns slowly in a tight circle so that the rabbit skin drags across the floor around him. He watches a litter of imaginary greyhound pups chasing the skin. This is the method for schooling puppies to chase the mechanical hare in a circle. SANTEE sits on a chair in the same position as Act One, reading the Racing Form. BEAUJO sits at a table down-left dealing a hand of five-card stud to himself and an imaginary partner across from him. In the darkness, before the action begins, the sound of dogs yapping is heard faintly and grows louder as a color film clip of greyhounds racing in slow motion is projected on the rear wall. It's done in the same way as the film of the horses at the beginning of Act One. CODY yells at his imaginary puppies, the film goes off and the lights onstage bang up. CODY turns in a circle and talks. SANTEE and BEAUJO ignore him.*

CODY

You gotta watch that brindle. He's a devil. The biggest in the litter. Thinks he can get away with murder. It's very crucial to catch them at an early age. Once they get the taste for fightin' there's the seed of a bad habit. It's usually the big ones that get pushy. You don't want to take the fire out of 'em. Just let 'em know that you'll have none of it.

*( He strikes out at one of the puppies then goes on in a circle.)*

SANTEE

I notice he missed the fifth at Catford yesterday.

BEAUJO

Seven out of eight ain't so bad.

SANTEE

Just hope it's not a bad omen.

BEAUJO

We're in the pink, Santee. He's locked into it this time.

SANTEE

Yeah. It gives me the creeps. Like being a nurse at a flip house.

*(CODY reverses direction with the pole and keeps moving in a tight circle.)*

CODY

It's important to reverse your direction once in a while. To balance out the muscles. Too much counterclockwise action makes 'em soft on the right side. You watch the Irish dogs. You'll never see near as many dogs breaking down in Ireland as you do in England. The schooling's different. We take more time in Ireland. More patience.

SANTEE

He still don't know where he is.

BEAUJO

He's gettin' closer though.

SANTEE

If ya' ask me he's further away than ever. He's off his cake, Beaujo.

BEAUJO

Lucky for us.



SANTEE

What do ya' suppose happened to him?

BEAUJO

You got me. Some kinda' weird mental disorder. I told ya' he was a genius. There's a very fine line between madness and genius ya' know.

SANTEE

Yeah, yeah. Cut the baloney. He's gone bananas and that's all there is to it. It just happens to coincide with our needs.

BEAUJO

Well, leastwise Fingers is happy. That's all that counts right now.

*( A loud knock at the door. SANTEE and BEAUJO leap to their feet. CODY keeps turning in a circle and mumbling to the puppies. SANTEE has his gun out.)*

SANTEE

You expectin' company?

BEAUJO

Not me. Must be room service.

SANTEE

I didn't order nothin'.

BEAUJO

Me neither.

*( More loud knocking.)*

SANTEE

Well answer it! Go on!

*(BEAUJO goes to the door.)*

BEAUJO

Who is it?

DOCTOR'S VOICE

Fingers! Open up!

BEAUJO

( to SANTEE)

Oh shit, it's Fingers!

SANTEE

Well let him in.

BEAUJO

( to the door)

Hold on a second!

*(BEAUJO unlocks three or four locks on the door as SANTEE grabs the fishing pole out of CODY'S hand and hides it under the bed. He grabs CODY by the back of the neck and throws him onto the bed. BEAUJO swings the door open and FINGERS sweeps into the room with the DOCTOR behind him. FINGERS is tall, thin and rather effete wearing a bowler hat, tweed cape with matching trousers, black vest with a white carnation, thin pencil-line mustache, spats, black cane and gaudy rings on every finger including the thumbs. The DOCTOR is very fat and looks like Sydney Greenstreet. He wears all black in the style of the thirties and carries a doctor's ominous-looking black bag.)*

FINGERS

Good God man, you'd think it was Fort Knox in here the way you carry on with the bloody locks. where's my boy?

BEAUJO

Sorry, Fingers. We was takin' precautionary measures.

*(FINGERS spots CODY on the bed and moves toward him. CODY runs frantically to the other side of the room. He seems terrified of FINGERS' every move.)*

FINGERS

Ah yes! Yes, yes, yes! I should have known he'd have the look of eagles. Absolutely. Look at him, Doctor. Just look. Splendid.

DOCTOR

Hmm. So that's him.

SANTEE

We been keepin' him good, Fingers. Three squares a day. Free movement through the room. Just like you said.

FINGERS

Those eyes. It almost hurts to look in his face.

SANTEE

you ain't kiddin'. I was just tellin' Beaujo how sick I was gettin'a' his mug.

( *The DOCTOR takes his coat off and throws it on the bed, then he helps FINGERS off with his cape.*)

FINGERS

( *to CODY*)

At last we meet. Like the tail and the head of a great dragon. This calls for a celebration. Order some sherry and cognac. The finest in the house.

( *to CODY*)

You do drink I trust?

SANTEE

He ain't being too communicative lately, Fingers. He's slipped into some kinda' depression or something.

(*BEAUJO rings for the WAITER. The DOCTOR sinks into a chair and watches T`V` He turns the sound up very loud. FINGERS glares at him.*)

FINGERS

Doctor! I say, Doctor!

(*FINGERS crosses briskly to the T`V` and turns the sound off. The DOCTOR just stares into the screen.*)

FINGERS

Do you mind? We're trying to conduct a conversation.

(*FINGERS crosses back to SANTEE.*)

FINGERS

Now then. Where are we? Oh yes. Depression. Depression? Good Lord, we can't have that. Let me feel his temperature.

(*FINGERS moves toward CODY. CODY leaps over the bed and crashes into a wall trying to get away from him. The DOCTOR is unmoved.* )

FINGERS

Is he always this hypertensive?

BEAUJO

Only around strangers. He's only seen me and Santee for the past year and a half now. He don't know what to make of you.

SANTEE

Yeah, he should settle down in a little while. Then you can pet him.

FINGERS

I see. Poor chap. I dare say he does look a bit at odds with himself doesn't he. Has he been sleeping well?

SANTEE

In spurts. He'll fall dead asleep for fifteen minutes in the middle of the floor and then wham, he'll be up and prowling the room again.

FINGERS

I don't like the sound of that at all. Doctor, did you hear that?

DOCTOR

I wasn't listening.

FINGERS

Santee says the poor fellow only sleeps for fifteen minutes at a stretch and then he's up and about.

DOCTOR

So what? It's not unusual in cases like this. People in his state can go a week without sleeping a wink.

FINGERS

I see. I rather thought it was more serious than that.

DOCTOR

'Course they don't live long.

FINGERS

Then it is serious.

DOCTOR

Maybe, maybe not. Depends on the particular case.

FINGERS

Well I do wish you'd examine the poor chap and make some sort of diagnosis. After all our livelihood hinges upon his well-being.

DOCTOR

Later. Right now I'm gonna' take in a little viewing.

FINGERS

Well I suppose it can wait. Now then, where's the champagne?

*(SANTEE and BEAUJO seem surprised by FINGERS lack of authority over the DOCTOR.)*

BEAUJO

I thought you said sherry.

FINGERS

Did I? Ah yes, sherry. So I did.

CODY

Just two tablespoonsful. That's all. Otherwise you blow 'em out.

FINGERS

Is he speaking to me?

SANTEE

We're never certain Fingers. It could be any of us.

FINGERS

I see. How long has this been going on?

BEAUJO

Ever since the switchover.

FINGERS

Switchover?

SANTEE

To greyhounds.

BEAUJO

You upset something very fragile, Fingers. He may never come back from it.

FINGERS

I'm afraid I don't understand.

BEAUJO

He's a horse dreamer, Mr' Fingers. A horse dreamer. When you had us switch over to dogs something snapped in him. The mind is a very mysterious thing ya' know.

FINGERS

Yes, I see. I had no idea. Poor devil.

SANTEE

He's doin' all right though. He's still on the winners and everything.

BEAUJO

But it won't last for long.

SANTEE

Will you shut up!

BEAUJO

I'm only trying to give ya' fair warning so it don't come as too much of a shock.

SANTEE

Beaujo's talkin' through his hat, Fingers. He don't know nothin' for certain.

FINGERS

It's all my fault. I should have brought a stop to this insanity long ago. I should have known something like this would happen.

SANTEE

Nothing's happened. We've been in the money for three weeks straight now. Everything's hunky-dory, Fingers. All we gotta do is ride him out. When he hits another slump we just give him a breather. Simple as that.

( *A knock at the door.* )

SANTEE

That must be the waiter. You just set yourself down on the bed there and I'll order us some drinks. You just relax, Fingers. Everything's gonna' be okay, Beaujo, help him onto the bed. Take his shoes off, loosen his tie.

(*BEAUJO helps FINGERS to the bed. FINGERS has gone all weak and sickly*

*now. Every time FINGERS moves, CODY moves frantically to get away from him, crashing over furniture and smashing into the walls. The DOCTOR remains indifferent, staring into the T`V` with the sound off. SANTEE opens the door and lets the WAITER in. The WAITER wears white gloves and tails. He looks a bit apprehensive about the situation.*)

WAITER

Uh, you rang, sir?

SANTEE

Yeah, get us a coupla' bottles of yer best cognac and some sherry. Nothin' but the best. Oh yeah, and some glasses. Here's a tenner. Keep the change.

WAITER

Very good sir. Thank you very much sir.

SANTEE

Don't mention it. Now scram.

*( He shoves the WAITER out the door and bolts it. FINGERS is lying on the bed as BEAUJO takes FINGERS' shoes off and massages his feet.)*

FINGERS

I had a feeling it would end like this. I've committed a terrible sin.

SANTEE

Nothing's ended. It's all going on right now. We're on top. Nothing's ended, Fingers.

CODY

The sickness is sweeping through the kennel! There's no escape! Intestinal Catarrh is on the march! Sprinters and stayers! Everyone's equal in this.

FINGERS

What in God's name is he on about?

SANTEE

It's nothin' Fingers. He's practicin' up for White City tonight.

FINGERS

Oh my God!

SANTEE

I'll have him under control in just a minute. Come here you!

*(SANTEE moves toward CODY. CODY leaps away again crashing into things like a frightened animal.)*

FINGERS

Don't you touch him! Don't you lay a hand on him! Enough damage has been done already.

CODY

( *panting like a dog* )

Didn't you give me enough stick already! At Dundalk! Shelbourne Park! Trucked around half of Ireland like so much hamburger.

FINGERS

( *to SANTEE* )

Now you've done it! You've pushed him too far. He's over the edge.

CODY

( *to SANTEE* )

I kept crying for trap one. Over and over again I asked for trap one. I could've won from the inside! But no, I was forced to go wide. You couldn't understand why I'd check at the third bend. Time and again I'd check at the third bend. How

stupid can you get. I was schooled on the inside hare and you put me in trap six. Trap six! Trap six! Trap six! I'm bloody tired of trap six!

SANTEE

Aw fuck off, ya' nut-case!

( *to FINGERS* )

I wash my hands a' this whole deal. I warned ya' right from the start about this country bumpkin. He's a weirdo. Unreliable. I coulda' found ya' plenty a' good dreamers from the city but no, we had to go to the middle of the goddamn Great Plains and bring back a dodo. A fruitcake. Well I've had it. From here on it's your ballgame. I'm watchin' T`V` with the Doc.

(*SANTEE goes and stands behind the DOCTOR and watches T`V`*)

BEAUJO

( *to FINGERS* )

Maybe after White City tonight we should give him a rest, Fingers. Let him get his strength back.

FINGERS

( *sitting up on the edge of the bed* )

There'll be no White City tonight or any other night. I'm setting him free.

SANTEE



You're what! You can't do that! he's still worth millions even though he is crazy.

FINGERS

*( getting up and moving toward the DOCTOR)*

I don't care what he's worth. He's going back tonight. Doctor, would you be so kind as to arrange air passage for two to Wyoming. I'm taking him back personally.

*( The DOCTOR stays staring at the T.V. FINGERS moves back to BEAUJO. SANTEE follows him.)*

SANTEE

Fingers, wait a minute. I take back what I said before.

FINGERS

We must gather his personal effects together.

BEAUJO

All he's got is what he's wearing and an old beat-up record.

FINGERS

Very well. Get it.

*(BEAUJO goes to a drawer and pulls out an old album with no cover.)*

SANTEE

This is a real mistake, Fingers. Why don't we just keep him on until he starts slippin' again. No harm in that. He's a gold mine right now.

FINGERS

Gold mine. Yes. By the way, what was the name of that town we took him from. Do you remember?

BEAUJO

Somewhere in the High Mountain country. Above the Big Horns.

FINGERS

That's quite a large piece of real estate as I recall. Can't you be more specific.

BEAUJO

Something like Pawnee or Cheyenne. Something like that.

SANTEE

Cheyenne's in the southeast. It was north of there.

BEAUJO

Something like Arapahoe or Mitchell. Was it Mitchell?

FINGERS

Does anyone have a map?

SANTEE

Look, Fingers, just leave him to us for a while. Give him another chance. We'll bring him around.

BEAUJO

Well look, we can figure it out easy enough. We left Salt Lake City on a Friday night and drove all night. We crossed the Utah state line about two in the morning.

FINGERS

Yes, I remember that. I remember thinking, now we're in Wyoming, it can't be far now. On the map it looked to be no further than Brighton is from London. Then all the next day we drove and drove. I'd never seen such country. Nothing as far as the eye could see. Nothing.

BEAUJO

We hit the Wind River Reservation about noon. We had lunch in the Silver Star. Fingers bought a cowboy hat and a pair of spurs.

FINGERS

Yes! I remember that! I remember thinking this is the West! This is really The West! Then we got to that town where Buffalo Bill lived. I forgot the name of it. Oh what a town! Saloons with Winchester rifles tacked up on the walls. Real cowboys in leather chaps. Indians shuffling through the dusty streets. Buffalo Bill's name plastered on everything. And at night. At night it was magical. Like praying. I'd never heard such a silence as that. Nowhere on the earth. So vast and lonely. Just the brisk cold night blowing in through the hotel window. And outside, the blue peaks of the Big Horn mountains. The moon shining on their snowy caps. The prairie stretching out and out like a great ocean. I felt that God was with me then. The earth held me in its arms.

( *A short pause as FINGERS reflects.* )

BEAUJO

That was the town.

FINGERS

What was.

BEAUJO

The town we nabbed him in. That was it.

FINGERS

Yes! That's right! What was it called? Doctor, do you remember the name of that charming town. The one where Buffalo Bill lived. Doctor?

*(FINGERS turns to the DOCTOR who is sitting very still in a kind of trance.)*

FINGERS

For heaven's sake, man, snap out of it.

SANTEE

What's eatin' him now.

*(FINGERS goes to the DOCTOR and shakes his shoulder.)*

FINGERS

I say. Doctor! I asked you to go and arrange our passage to Wyoming. Doctor!

*(FINGERS shakes him again. The DOCTOR lets out a bloodcurdling yell and throws FINGERS across the room. CODY screams like a dog who's being whipped. He whimpers in a corner. BEAUJO and SANTEE stand facing the DOCTOR, who stands center stage. FINGERS moans on the floor holding his leg in pain. The DOCTOR quickly gains control of himself.)*

SANTEE

Say, look, Doc, I'm with you in this. I never wanted to let Cody off the hook. I'm with you.

DOCTOR

Yes, I can see that. Fetch my bag.

SANTEE

What?

DOCTOR

My bag!

SANTEE

Yessir. You bet. I'm with you in this.

*(SANTEE gets the DOCTOR'S bag and give it to him.)*

DOCTOR

And stop repeating foolish platitudes. I've grown quite tired of all this trivia. Something drastic must take place.

BEAUJO

Drastic?

DOCTOR

Yes, that's right. Something rather more adventurous. You're a man of adventure aren't you, Beaujo?

BEAUJO

Well, not exactly. I mean I been around but —

DOCTOR

You've been around?

BEAUJO

Yessir. I mean, the States, you know. I've seen the States.

DOCTOR

I see. Did you discover anything of particular interest in your travels?

BEAUJO

Well, you know, the usual stuff. Card games, pool halls, that kinda' stuff.

DOCTOR

Then you're a man who can recognize gifts.

BEAUJO

Gifts? Well, I don't — I don't exactly get what you mean.

DOCTOR

What I mean very simply is that perhaps in a card game you noticed a particular player who seemed to have more luck than the others. Perhaps even yourself. Something more than luck. A gift we might say.

BEAUJO

Yeah. You might say that.

SANTEE

Say, what's goin' on here anyway?

DOCTOR

Please be silent until you're spoken to!

SANTEE

Yessir.

*( During all this the DOCTOR has placed his black bag on the bed and opened it. As he talks he handles various unseen objects in the bag.)*

DOCTOR

I'm not speaking superstitiously you understand. Luck is no accident. It's a phenomenon. Luck is a living thing. The problem of course is tracking it down.

BEAUJO

Yeah, I see what you mean.

DOCTOR

Do you? You see, in Cody here we had actually tracked it down. We had placed it on the map. We combed the planet for someone like him and we finally found him. In Wyoming of all places.

FINGERS

That's enough Doctor! Enough!

DOCTOR

These dreams, these visions that he has, do you suppose they are purely accident? Mere coincidence?

BEAUJO

Well, I don't know. I couldn't say for sure. Look, I'm just a sidekick here. I don't know anything important.

DOCTOR

Fair enough, but there's no harm in investigating a few details.

BEAUJO

I'd rather you talked to Santee about it. I'm liable to get a headache and go right out on ya'!

DOCTOR

Santee has no space between his ears for anything new. I was hoping perhaps you would.

FINGERS

*( still on the floor)*

You can't do this! No one's prepared.

DOCTOR

I recognized you immediately, Beaujo, as a man of adventure.

BEAUJO

You did?

DOCTOR

Yes. A man who's been around as you say. A man who's looked life in the face. You have dreams, don't you, Beaujo?

BEAUJO

Sure. Santee's the only one that don't have dreams.

DOCTOR

What do you dream about?

BEAUJO

Pool mostly. Fast cars. Money.

DOCTOR

Yes. Pool, fast cars and money. Probably women too?

BEAUJO

Sure.

DOCTOR

You can see the difference between your dreams and someone like Cody's. You can recognize that you're worlds apart.

BEAUJO

I guess so. I never thought about it too much.

DOCTOR

Of course not. No reason to think about it. That's my job. I'm the doctor. You're simply the bodyguard.

SANTEE

Could I say somethin' here?

DOCTOR

No! Be quiet! Come here and look in this bag, Beaujo. I want you to see something.

FINGERS

NO! Don't look! Don't look, Beaujo!

DOCTOR

You are a man of adventure aren't you, Beaujo? I wasn't wrong in that was I?

BEAUJO

I'm feelin' a little paralyzed, Doc. I don't know what it is. I'm afraid.

DOCTOR

There's nowhere to run. Besides, it could turn out to be something quite extraordinary. Come have a look.

SANTEE

I'll look.

DOCTOR

Stay where you are! Beaujo?

BEAUJO

What's in it?

DOCTOR

Come and look.

BEAUJO

What if I can't take it. I'm not a very strong person.

DOCTOR

It doesn't matter. Nothing will hurt you. Just come and look in the bag.

*( A moment of silence while BEAUJO decides. BEAUJO slowly crosses to the bag where the DOCTOR is and looks into it.)*

FINGERS

Oh God. Oh my God.

BEAUJO

What are they?

DOCTOR

Take one in your hand. Go ahead. Nothing will happen, I promise.

*(BEAUJO reaches into the bag and pulls out a small white bone the size of a large marble. He holds it in the palm of his hand.)*

BEAUJO

What is it?

DOCTOR

A bone from the back of the neck. A dreamer's bone.

BEAUJO

Human?

DOCTOR

Yes.

BEAUJO

You mean you cut it out of somebody?

DOCTOR

In a dreamer's prime he collects certain valuable substances from his dreams in the back of his neck. Even when he loses his touch these substances remain imbedded in these magical bones. A man in possession of enough of these bones becomes eternally linked to the dreamer's magic. His gift lives on.

BEAUJO

You mean these are from dead dreamers?

DOCTOR

I wouldn't say dead exactly. Out of their bodies perhaps but not dead.

BEAUJO

And they help you pick the winners?

DOCTOR

Infallibly.

BEAUJO

Then what's the point in having live dreamers all the time.

DOCTOR

Unfortunately the bones tend to fade in strength. Their power has to continually be replenished. This is where the adventure comes in. It's a very delicate process finding the correct dreamer to restore the power. It has to be one who has experienced a certain stretch of genius. One who is beginning to

fade but not to such an extent as to have lost all his magic. Like Cody here for instance. He appears to be the perfect choice.

CODY

Oh no ya' don't. Not me, boy. Not this kid. I ain't gettin' cut up and put in no bag. This has gone far enough.



I've played ball with you right down the line but this is the limit. No more.

DOCTOR

Santee, strap him to the bed!

SANTEE

With pleasure.

*(SANTEE goes after CODY. There's a mad chase around the room. FINGERS weeps and moans on the floor. The DOCTOR pulls a huge syringe out of his bag. BEAUJO is frozen.)*

DOCTOR

You see the territory he travels in. He's perfectly capable of living in several worlds at the same time. This is his genius.

CODY

I was just bluffin'! Honest! I made it all up! I got no magic! I was just pretending!

DOCTOR

Right now he'll do anything to deny his gifts. His gifts are poison to him now. If he knew his power he could even make us disappear. Fortunately he's just a slave for us.

SANTEE

Come here you greaseball!

*(CODY keeps getting away from SANTEE)*

FINGERS

Stop it! You've got to stop it! Beaujo, do something!

DOCTOR

You see how we're each on our own territory right now. Each of us paralyzed within certain boundaries. We'd do anything to cross the border but we're stuck. Quite stuck.

BEAUJO

You're gonna' operate on him?

DOCTOR

I'm simply going to alter the balance of things. Like a great chef. A pinch of this with a pinch of that. You'd be amazed at how little it takes to create an explosion. Santee, put him on the bed.

*(SANTEE has CODY in a firm grip. CODY squeals and squirms but SANTEE is too strong. He hauls*

CODY *over to the bed and throws him down on his back then straddles his stomach and holds his arms down.)*

BEAUJO

Maybe there's some other way. I mean maybe we could hypnotize him or something. I keep putting myself in his place.

DOCTOR

That's quite impossible, Beaujo. You see there's no way for you to be in his place. There's no way for any of us to be in any place but the one we're in right now. Each of us. Quite separate from each other and yet connected. It's quite extraordinary isn't it? Now hold him down Santee. It's important to get a direct hit.

*(SANTEE holds CODY'S arm and slowly injects the serum. CODY becomes calm and speaks very evenly. BEAUJO looks on.)*

CODY

The white buffalo. Approach him in a sacred manner. He is Wakan. The ground he walks is Wakan. This day has sent a spirit gift. You must take it. Clean your heart of evil thoughts. Take him in a sacred way. If one bad thought is creeping in you it will mean your death. You will crumble to the earth. You will vanish from this time.

DOCTOR

Santee, hand me my scalpel please. It's in my bag.

SANTEE

Sure thing, Doc.

*(SANTEE hands the DOCTOR a scalpel from out of the bag. A series of knocks at the door. The DOCTOR remains cool.)*

DOCTOR

Beaujo, would you mind answering that. It's probably our waiter.

*(BEAUJO crosses to the door as the DOCTOR cuts into the back of CODY'S neck with the scalpel. CODY makes no sound. BEAUJO swings the door open. A shotgun blast throws him clear across the room. He lies in a heap. CODY'S two brothers, JASPER and JASON, enter. They're both about six foot five and weigh 250 lbs. each. They wear Wyoming cowboy gear with dust covering them from head to foot. Their costumes should be well used and authentic without looking like dime-store cowboys. They both carry double-barreled twelve-gauge shotguns and wear side guns on their waists. The DOCTOR turns suddenly toward them. Another shotgun blast from JASPER. The DOCTOR sinks to the floor. SANTEE reaches for his pistol and is cut down by both shotguns at once. FINGERS whimpers on the floor. JASPER and JASON look at him stony-faced. CODY sits on the bed with the back of his neck bleeding. He doesn't know where he is. JASPER crosses slowly over to FINGERS with his spurs jangling. He peers down at him.)*

JASPER

We come fer our brother, mister. You so much as make a twitch and you can kiss tomorrow goodbye.

JASON

( *crossing to CODY* )

Come on, boy. We're goin' home now.

CODY

One bad thought. A clean heart.

JASON

( *helping CODY to his feet* )

Come on now. You gather yerself together. A little beef stew in yer gullet, you'll be good as new.

CODY

( *standing* )

In a sacred way. This day. Sacred. I was walking in my dream. A great circle. I was walking and I stopped. Even after the smoke cleared I couldn't see my home. Not even a familiar rock. You could tell me it was anywhere and I'd believe ya'. You could tell me it was any old where.

(*JASON leads CODY slowly out the door as JASPER backs out keeping his eye on FINGERS. They disappear out the door. A short pause. The WAITER enters briskly into the room carrying a silver serving tray with three bottles of booze and sparkling glasses. He stops short center stage and looks around the room at all the corpses. His eyes finally fall on FINGERS who moans softly.*)

WAITER

Is there something I could get you, sir?

FINGERS

The record.

( *gesturing to the album* )

Put the record on.

WAITER

Very good sir.

( *The WAITER puts down his tray and picks up the record. He puts it on the record player. The song plays. It is "Zydeco et pas sale" on Side 2 of Clifton Chenier's Very Best, on EMI, Harvest Recordings. The WAITER stands and listens to the tune as the lights fade. The music continues as the audience leaves.* )